

GOLDEN ROD

DEN ROD
1938



JANUARY 1938

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Golden Rod

Quincy High School



Quincy, Massachusetts



Everybody's Issue

Golden Rod Staff - 1938

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clifford dyson '38



Let's Pull Together

Editorial—HAROLD BERTRAND, '38

★ *Striving* to win the semi-annual race, the *Golden Rod* is being valiantly rowed by the staff towards its goal—success. In the stern is the editor, coaxing along the crew, setting the pace, and heading the vessel straight down the course. On the banks are the Faculty Advisers, hoping that their coaching will help the *Golden Rod* cross the finish line triumphantly. Of course, this race is no new thing. Since 1881 many crafts like the one now seen have borne the *Golden Rod* to victory.

But how was the *Golden Rod* built? Have you noticed the cheering crowd, rooting for the *Golden Rod*? Have you noticed the people on the sides of the course who contributed so that their vessel could be built from nothing? *You* are that crowd, two thousand of you and more. Do you feel that what you have provided has made your literary vessel able to ride the wave of disaster, has made it safe so that no matter how rough the going may be, the *Failure* will always be out of sight behind it?

It may interest you to know that out of the two thousand persons on the sidelines, only twenty-three tried to become members of the Staff; twenty-three tried to become part of the crew. That brings to our minds a question that is more important. Are you and the crew working together? A worthy boat and a shiftless crew cannot make a winner; neither can a leaky boat, built from faulty materials, and a strong crew. To win this and any other race, both the boat and the crew should be strong; the cheering sections should be there to urge on the crew; the coaches should be well-informed. Each is indispensable; your support and contributions to the *Golden Rod* cannot be done without.

The glory of being a winner is not the primary object of this struggle toward Success. Each semester a new *Golden Rod* is built, launched, and raced. The *Golden Rod* is, in fact, an institution. The winnings of this contest will go toward the building of a bigger and better *Golden Rod* that will be launched in 1938 and will be raced in June of that year. You must contribute and again contribute. You must support each *Golden Rod* as much as you are able. Work with us, the crew, so that no matter what the race, the *Golden Rod* will come home being rowed by a happy crew, supported by a hearty crowd, and always and always the victor in every race to be entered.

But let us dispense with the above figure of speech. We shall end by saying that this issue of the *Golden Rod* contains only what you, the school, have wanted it to contain. Everything you may find here is representative of you, and we heartily hope that *you* like *you* in this issue.



After Dinner

Dishes! Soapy, sudsy dishes,
In a bright array—
Tiny bubbles clinging fast,
Hiding colors gay.

How I glory in your sparkle,
Luster ware in rows!
Sandwich glass and Dresden china
Hobnobbing with Stowe's.

Now to polish even brighter
Till the last is done,
O you precious dishes, I could
Smash you, every one!

Joyce Thompson, '38



So It Goes

Best Senior Story—M. JANE MILKS



★ *The sun* is brightly shining on a small, peaceful farm in South Dakota. Summer is just awakening. A young farm wife sits on her back porch, thoughtfully mending some overalls for her youngest child, Irving, who is crawling about on the soft grass. The other three boys are out fishing in the Missouri River, which borders their farm on the south.

Mattie was always regretful that one of her children had not been a girl, for she did so want to give her daughter many of the pleasures that had been omitted from her own miserable life. She was determined that, if there should be a daughter, she would not live the life her mother had. That was all right for a boy, but girls were "diff'rent."

As she sat at her sewing, her mind wandered back to a miserable farm on a long strip of extremely fertile land projecting out into the river—the Missouri flats. Floods were an ever present danger and her family abandoned their home many times when the river rose—thus the cheapness of the land and the reason why only the poor farmers, like her father, took refuge there.

The family, consisting of a frump of a mother, old far before her time, a rough, ill-mannered father, four baby brothers, and Mattie herself, huddled around a large, roughly hand-hewn table. The father was speaking with a stern, loud voice trying to be heard above the bawling of the youngest child and the slushing noise of the other children sipping a Western stew known as "Mulligan."

"Mattie," he hollered gruffly, "You gotta quit school and stay at home and help your paw with the plantin'."

"Aw, Pa! I da wanna," answered his daughter. "I'll have ta miss school if I do and I only just got started in the second grade."

"Well, what of it?" answered her father angrily. "You ain't got no place in school, no how. That place is only for them's got money."

"But gee, Pa! I'm just getting along good and I wanna go to school and make sumpin' of m'self. I don't wanna be like Ma!"

"Make sumpin' of yourself! Ha! ain't you the high falootin' one. An' what's the matter with yore Ma?"

"What's the matter with 'er? She's tir'd and wasted and old long before her time slavin' away on this here farm. I da wanna be a farmer's wife! I wanna get edjikated and be a lady and maybe marry an Easterner."

"Stop that sassy gabbering. Yo'r the oldest kid on this here farm and big enough and strong enough to help with the work, and that's what I'm aimin' for ya ta do. So shut yore mouth and eat yer 'taters."

Mattie was only nine then, but strongly built and very tall for her age. She had attended school for fourteen months and was now in the second grade. She was just grasping the mystery of reading words without even stopping to sound them, and was very happy when she accomplished the task of dividing with less hesitancy than the other three children in her grade. The schoolmaster begged the father to let the girl continue, for she undoubtedly had talent, but the only answer the father gave was, "Her Ma didn't have no schoolin' and nither did I."

So, in spite of the schoolmaster's earnest pleadings, Mattie was forced to discontinue her studies in the little wooden schoolhouse she loved so well.

The work increased and more children were added to the already crowded home. Meanwhile, Mattie had very little opportunity to further her education, but, determined not to lose what little knowledge she had, she would sit alone in a dimly lighted attic re-reading time and time again until she knew perfectly every letter and every word in her precious little "Second Year Reader" she had so carefully hidden from her father's search. Once in a while she came upon a newspaper, and would recline in some corner pretending to look at the pictures, when in reality, she was struggling with the difficult words trying to pronounce and understand them. She would be ready when her opportunity came to live in the East.

Thus, Mattie reached sixteen and started to go around with girls her own age. There were shows, dances, plays, club affairs, and so forth, visited by Mattie in an endeavor to feed her lonesome soul by social contacts. Her two oldest brothers were now eleven and nine and more help than she. Her father began looking for suitors so that he could marry her off. Poor Mattie was worried. She didn't want to marry a farmer.

One day an excited friend came to see her and tell her of the invitation she got for the both of them to attend a dance to be held in Sioux City, Iowa, the following evening.

"There will be some Eastern sailors there," she excitedly related. "They are on their furlough and with a fellow who is visiting his mother in Sioux City. They'll all be at the dance. Gosh, I'm thrilled!"

Mattie's heart beat wildly. Easterners! Oh! "I'll go," she whispered. "Right after I wash the dishes I'll bundle my clothes up and make believe I'm takin' them to yore house to mend on yore sewing machine, so Pa won't get 'spicious and make me stay in. Then I'll get dressed at your place."

The scheme was acceptable to both girls, so they parted.

After five hours of driving over dusty roads, the seventy-five miles to the dance was covered and the nervously excited girls, none the worse for their hard journey, were helped from the team by their escorts at eight-thirty in the evening.

Gayety was in the air and Mattie declared that she had never had such a lovely time. Best of all, John Conlon, one of the sailors, danced practically all night with her and begged to see her again before he returned to the East. And so he did; not once but five times, and that last time, the evening before he was to return to the East and the Navy, he asked her to wait for him.

Seven long, anxious months passed by. Then one day she found one forlorn letter in the mailbox announcing that he expected to be there within a week as his service in the Navy was ended and he was already preparing to leave for the Middle West. Oh such joy! Now she was going to realize her dream and marry an Easterner. She could visualize a lovely little home in the city—maybe New York or even Boston.

She could look back now and see all that. A tear left her eye and glistened on her cheek. That Easterner whom she married bought a farm two hundred miles from her birthplace and had lived there ever since!



Spinach

ARTHUR GRANVILLE, '39

* *Spinach* is a food valued chiefly for its entirely imaginary health-sustaining properties. Although probably not qualified to designate myself as a spinach expert, I have nevertheless had much experience with it, and so feel justified in expressing my views on the subject.

To the best of my knowledge, spinach is produced commercially in huge bales, several tons in weight, which are made heavier, and consequently more valuable, by the addition of large quantities of fine sand. These bales are sold by quarters (nothing smaller) to mothers who, in spite of this, are generally kind-hearted and nice to all dumb animals. Their children, however, must have vitamins, calories, roughage, and all the other marvels which science has invented for the good of the timid consumer.

So-called substitutes for this wonderful panacea have been advanced by mundane business men who claim that "they're just as good for you." Don't let them deceive you; broccoli, beet greens, and dandelions are all spinach in different forms! The price is different, the name is different, they may not even look alike, but the principle is just the same.

Only within the last generation has America become spinach-conscious. Our forefathers heard no praise of it as a succulent vegetable that would make another Atlas of one. To them it was merely another blob on the plate before them, to be eaten and endured.

Those rash persons who have so insistently maintained that the human race is going to the dogs must surely revise their opinions when they realize that the trend is really toward the spinach.

Star-Gazing

An Interview with Heather Angel

By BARBARA MERRILL, '38 and JOHN MacLEAN, '39

★ "Will you please sign my autograph book, Miss Angel?" . . . "Mine too, please?" Such cries as those were floating around our heroine's dainty head as we jostled through the crowd in the modernistic lounge of the Wilbur Theatre. Seeing an opening, we ducked through, and there we were at last—face to face with that twinkling star of the cinema—*Miss Heather Angel*. In less time than it takes to become an Angel fan (which is saying a lot!) we were chatting intimately with this shining figure in the Hollywood constellations, now starring in the play, "Love of Women."

For the benefit of the feminine readers! . . . she wore a smart black caracul coat over a simple black dress, and an attractive veiled toque. Her sophisticated clothes only served to accentuate the demure sweetness of her face, and we were pleasantly surprised to find that she was just as lovely to see in person as to watch on the screen.

She told us that as a child in England she had had a great desire to act, and had started her career in the Old Vic, that famous little playhouse which trains potential stage material in the great classics of Shakespeare. She toured England, India, and the Far East in various plays, but finally succumbed to the lure of Hollywood. She has made several pictures, her most outstanding role being in "Berkeley Square." Among her other films are "The Three Musketeers," "Pilgrimage," and "The Informer," and her latest is "Portia on Trial." After the Boston engagement of "Love of Women", the company will go to Toronto. Miss Angel stated that, after this tour is completed, she plans to resume her career as a movie star.

Now for Heather Angel as a person. She is charming, both to see and to talk with. In fact, she was so cordial that before long she was interviewing the interviewers! ! She has a most engaging voice, gentle and low-pitched, with a slight suggestion of an English accent to lend color to her speech. She is small in stature with beautiful, expressive eyes and light-brown hair, and we particularly noticed the delightful smile which lighted up her delicately-chiseled features as she talked.

By the way, you may be interested to know that her romantic name is her own and not one conceived by an over-ambitious press agent.

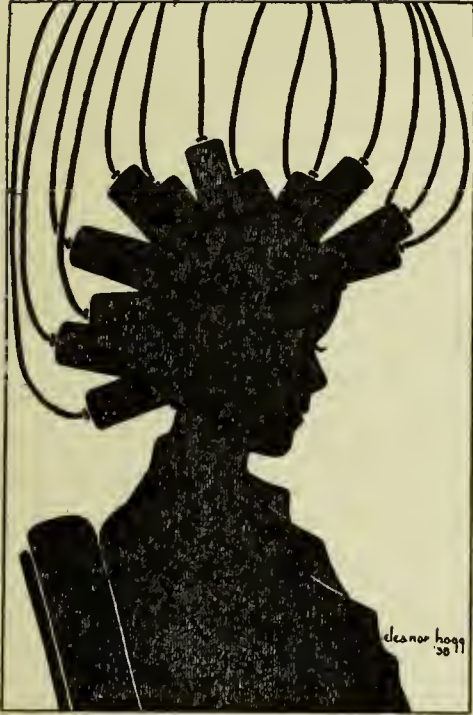
She has found Boston, on her first visit here, to be a very fascinating city, not only because it resembles London more than any other American city but also because its people are so gracious and friendly.

We asked her what advice she would give to young aspirants to an acting career, and she replied, "Of course, you must realize it is a *very hard* life; but if you have the ability and the determination to succeed and you *do* manage to become comparatively famous, then the rewards you reap are certainly worth the effort expended to obtain them."

We reluctantly brought to a close our enjoyable talk with this celebrated actress. She expressed her best wishes for the future success of *Golden Rod*, and we departed feeling quite elated that we had had the opportunity to spend so delightful a few moments with Heather Angel.

Just Hair

BETTY WYLIE, '39



★ *Curls*, curls, curls. The agonies endured by girls for those lovely golden locks are almost indescribable in all their stages. Boys, for the benefit of those of your number who admire our curls, I should like to relate to you a few of the harrowing experiences which lead us from the state of the straight-haired girls to the "we" of today who now proudly display a headful of curls, a wave or two, a mass of kinky hair, or what have you.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I thought as a child—" and I wore pigtails. Beautiful round ones extending half way down my back. Of course their location changed when I reached the adult age of fourteen, for then they appeared as a coronet framing my face in a most queenly fashion. Soon, however, the height of style dictated otherwise, so I was shorn and felt quite light-headed with my hair reaching only to my shoulders. The fun, though, had only begun. How trying those first six months were! First I experimented with steel curlers, denting my sensitive head, then a roll or two, next, finger waves, marcells, nice hot curling irons, my fingers, or anything else that was in my reach or that of my pocketbook's. The usual run of conversation was, "I don't know what to do." "My hair is always a mess." "My trouble is that I can never remember how I do my hair from one day to the next." "How do you like it this way?" But alas and alack, no solution presented itself. And girls were forever lending bobby pins for those ends that would not behave.

Our distress was almost unbearable when behold, science came to the rescue in the form of a permanent wave. "Eureka!" or as the ads would say it, "I never knew how beautiful I could be until I tried——." I got a permanent wave. Not that simply, though. First, I washed dishes and took care of neighbors' dear little children and stinted and saved until my bankbook showed a savings of seven dollars and my scales a loss of five pounds. The latter was probably due to the fact that very little candy and ice cream was consumed during this period.

An appointment was secured, and on the chosen day I presented myself to the modern magician, the hairdresser. After much preliminary discussion as to whether I should have a spiral or a croquignole, whether the machineless would bring out my natural allure or not, and various other technicalities, I made the momentous decision—a croquignole—and was ushered to a chair. The hairdresser searched my hair for dandruff,—etc. This was followed by

an invigorating scalp treatment. (Had my hair washed, in other words). It was dried via the hot air drier. While under this form of torture, I read numerous and sundry articles of theatrical interest. Aha! "Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck are just like that!" "Will Sonya Henie and Tyrone Power combine forces soon?" It occurred to me that I was certainly behind the times. The last movie magazine I had seen had been about Clara Bow and her latest flame. Let's see, "The latest Hollywood gossip says that Gene Raymond—". Oh rats!"

"Step this way, please."

Snap! Crackle! Pop! Thus spake my hair as the operator yanked out the knots. While recovering from this shock, I was nearly suffocated by the most deadly of smells. Ammonia? Why had I ever willingly consented to such treatment? My hair would surely turn to straw.

But the worst was yet to come. Twenty heavy steel clamps were fastened to my hair and then rolled tightly against my head. When they were all in position, I felt as though I had been transported to some country where it was the custom to carry the family washing on one's head. I was top heavy, and sure that if I should make one false move, the perfect balance would be lost, my neck crack, and my head and all go tumbling to the floor.

Thus I was attached to the electrical machine. And as I thought of all that had preceded I should not have been at all surprised had I been electrocuted. I needed no electric chair; my imagination supplied it and all the rest of the details.

Then again, suppose, oh horrors! suppose the operator forgot to turn off the current in time? Remember that movie where the hairdresser removed the clamps and chunks of hair? How would I look in a wig? One minute, three minutes, five minutes—oh dear, oh, dear.

But all my fears were ill-founded for to my joy, when the machine was disconnected and the curlers removed, I still retained my hair, and though I could hardly feel it, my head was in position.

Another wash, an application of greenish gooey goo, a "set" and believe it or not, the drier again. My back ached, my eyes watered, my cheeks burned and my feet itched. But I emerged victorious. My hair was combed and as I looked admiringly at my reflection in the mirror, and saw beautiful waves and curls crowning my head, with what strength was left me I smiled and murmured, "What price beauty?"



A Night Of Stars

Best Junior Story—HELEN KONDELIN



★ *He stood* at the window, a tall man, dark haired, tanned and young, but with a look of strength and determination that perhaps belied his years.

He gazed on the surrounding countryside which was quietly falling asleep. In the vast dome of the sky glimmered a solitary star. Ere long the heavens would be covered with a silvery cobweb. Farther north, however, night was being welcomed by the roar of cannon and noise of battle. Civil War had made America a land of strife and discord.

“What in the world is keeping him?” muttered Gerald Manning as he scanned the fields and darkening woods. A worried look spread over his features. The grandfather clock downstairs chimed nine. With a backward glance, he quietly left the room.

The reception hall was ablaze with light and the brilliant colors of the women’s dresses. The celebration tonight was an unusual one. For months on end no festivity had taken place in the neighborhood, but with the news of success at Harper’s Ferry and Antietam, spirits had rallied and pent up emotions gave way to gayety.

People smiled and beckoned to him as he passed, but he dismissed them all with courteous bows and hurried along in his search for Marcia Longley. At last he saw her in the midst of a group of young people. It was her twenty-first birthday and he had never seen her more beautiful than she was tonight. Her dark tresses were piled high on her head and the blue satin sheen of her dress brought out the fairness of her skin and accentuated the depth of her eyes.

She saw him before he reached her, and leaving the group, she ran to him smiling. “I thought you were never coming. Isn’t the party lovely? It’s glorious to have the home company back even for a few days. It seems so good to see my old friends. Have you got acquainted with many? They may have comrades from Louisiana who know you.”

Manning artfully evaded the subject for he doubted very much if anyone from Louisiana knew him. They wended their way among the dancers. “Have you seen him?” continued Marcia.

“Seen whom?” asked Gerald.

“Why everyone is talking of it. There is a rumor that a spy is in our midst.”

His grasp tightened ever so slightly on her arm. Did she know? Had he imagined that a shadow had passed over her face?

Just then a laughing couple descended upon them and they changed partners.

"It sure is grand to have some excitement around here," chirped his little companion. "It does a person good to see a group of men who can dance. I wonder if they'll catch that spy. I can't for the life of me think who he is! Can you?"

Gladly Gerald gave up his talkative partner to an admiring swain. Turning toward the dining room he saw a gathering of men around the punchbowl. Snatches of conversation could be heard: "It will be the gallows, I'm afraid." . . . "but are they sure?" . . . "Serves him right" . . . and they moved away leaving Manning with the appalling thought: . . . Did they suspect him?

Gerald was awaiting a message from one of his fellow comrades, but thus far he hadn't heard the baying of a hound, which was their customary manner of signaling each other. Why hadn't Dave given him the word? Surely things were ready now! He'd have to go on alone for he couldn't wait much longer. Evidently all roads were being guarded. Guarded or not, tonight he must get away. Tomorrow would perhaps be too late.

He reentered the reception room. Already many of the guests were leaving. Marcia and her father were at the door bidding them goodbye. She beckoned to him.

"Where have you been? I've been wondering if you would like to go for a canter tomorrow morning,—say around five-thirty."

Gerald nodded a mute assent realizing that it would never be.

Before the last guest had gone, he went to his room, feeling that if he saw Marcia alone she would surely find out. No one, not even she, must know of his mission.

Finally, everyone had gone and the house lay dark and still. Picking up his cloak and some letters, he softly opened the door and as quietly closed it after him. Thank heavens the floors and stair-case were so heavily carpeted. At the foot of the stairs he stopped and turned toward the reception hall. Just one more look at the room where so many happy moments had been spent. The moonlight flooded the room and outlined his figure in the doorway. A rustle of satin rose from the window-seat.

"Who is it?" asked Marcia.

He strode across the room and clasped her in his arms. He felt a sob shudder through her body. After a moment she said, "You are going now, Gerald?"

"I must, dearest! Don't hate me too much!"

"I'll be waiting for you always. Some day when the war is over—"

"Would that you could go with me, Marcia."

"You know that I can't, Gerald. I love my people as you do yours."

For a moment he was undetermined whether he should tell her of his plans, but decided against it although he realized now that she had guessed but half the truth.

"Now you must go quickly," Marcia was saying. "A saddled horse is waiting for you in the stable. Your absence will not be discovered immediately in the morning for father thinks that we are going riding."

Not trusting his voice, he kissed her.

"The war can't last forever, darling," she murmured brokenly.

He hurried through the entryway into the stable. Leading the horse out into the night, he mounted and was soon galloping through the moonlit woods. Manning's thoughts were in a tumult. Evidently something had happened to Dave. But what—. All around him the world was bathed in inky silence except for the thud of his horse's hoofs and the snapping of twigs. High in the heavens above, the stars winked and blinked and raced along with this solitary rider.

Suddenly Gerald reined his horse to a halt. Just ahead of him lay a stretch of open road. It was here that capture was most probable. Spurring his horse and with pulses throbbing he thundered down this path, which had been beaten smooth by marching feet.

A shot pierced the air. Another and another rang out. His horse reared at the sound and Manning was thrown. He tried to rise but such a pain shot through his leg that he sank to the earth again.

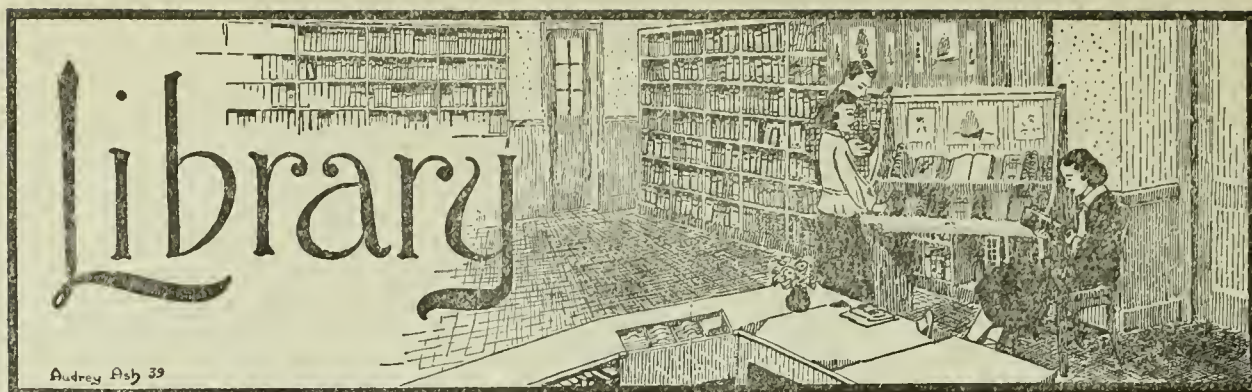
Men were shouting and trampling in the woods. Presently they came upon him. One, evidently in charge, came over to him, brandishing his sword.

"Thought you could get away with it, you damned Yankee spy! Well, by thunder, you didn't! We found Dave Sawyer's body in the brush and as sure as I stand here, you'll hang for the deed. That you will."

Dave dead! Numbly Manning realized that his worst fears had come true. Not only had his friend been killed by, presumably the Northern spy who was rumored to have been around, but now that same spy was speeding north to deliver the message that would bring death to thousands. As in a dream he spoke to his captors.

"Gentlemen, you accuse me of being a spy. Well, you are right, partly. I am a spy, but for the South, the same cause that you fight for. Here are my credentials and some letters signed by Lee. The damned Yankee is probably miles to the north by now carrying the death warrant of many of our comrades. May God in heaven delay him!"

It was a night of stars. Stars falling softly and quietly on one who had done all he could ever do for his country. Stars racing along with another who had at least one more mission to fulfill.



People, People, Everywhere!

By BOB DAVIS

★ “*People, People, Everywhere!*” is a collection of stories of a newspaper man’s wanderings in many parts of the world, taken from “Bob Davis Reveals,” his editorial column in the “New York Sun.” In the clear, vivid style characteristic of a good newspaper man, the author writes of interesting people he has met and of tales told to him in his travels.

Some names are familiar to all, such as George Bernard Shaw, Mahatma Ghandi and John L. Sullivan. Others are unknown to most of us, namely Sarah McNabb, the stork chaser; Ortega, the Mexican bullfighter; Jerome, the man without any feet, and many more. In the eyes of Bob Davis they are all important, for each has a story to offer.

It would take a great deal of searching, outside of Ripley’s “Believe It or Not,” to find a more amazing story than one Bob Davis encountered in Meteghan, Nova Scotia. It concerns a sailor, Jerome, who in 1880, was found with both legs amputated four inches below the knee, on a lonely stretch of Nova Scotia beach. Beside his lay a paper bag containing pilot crackers, evidence, perhaps, that he had been abandoned by a passing ship. He was moved to a sympathetic fisherman’s house and well taken care of. Nothing was ever discovered about his past life nor how he came to be left on the beach, for he did not speak a word from the time he was found until his death forty years later.

People who sit at home and long for romance will find it by reading this cross-section of life amid varied persons in different lands, told by a man who found romance in his seven-hundred-thousand miles of globe-trotting.

Bob has a gift for gathering a tremendous number of human interest stories, a trait typical of a good newspaper man. Another admirable thing about his book is the way he puts himself in the background and just writes of “People, People, Everywhere!”

John MacKenzie, '38



You Can't Take It With You

By MOSS HART and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

★ Could your grandfather have retired at the age of thirty-five to settle down to the tranquil, domestic business of fire-cracker making? That is just what Martin Vanderhoff did in “You Can’t Take It With You.” His home is just around the corner from Columbia University, but don’t go looking for it. A few members of the family have a propensity for bringing casual acquaintances home to live with them. Therefore, the gathering under this roof is, to say the least, unusual. The dethroned Grand Duchess Katherine, of Russia, prepares a meal for the family; a prominent broker, father of Alice’s boy friend, is arrested in this house while a dinner guest and packed off to jail.

★ Sixteen

One of the sons is arrested for circulating boxes of candy containing communistic and radical ideas of government. Officials find enough gun powder in the cellar to blow up the entire city. The first act closes with a terrific explosion from the gun powder. Everyone is in an uproar, except grandfather; he looks as though he could enjoy a good game of darts.

There are two objects for writing this play: first, to make us realize that in this busy, bustling, and bungling world, life is passing us by, while we are absorbed in daily, matter-of-fact problems, and second, that the present administration, with its relief and W.P.A., has created a most dependent group of citizens. They enjoy their leisure time at the expense of others. Why should they work? Relief and being on the W.P.A. are much more pleasant! These government parasites even object because they must personally go to the government office to obtain their weekly dole.

This play is a brilliant satire on current social conditions presented in a most hilarious manner. If you read this play without smiling or laughing aloud every few pages, you are one in a million.

Lillian Russell, '38



Heads and Tales

By MALVINA HOFFMAN

★ *While on* her journey around the world, modelling the different races for the Field Museum, Malvina Hoffman had miraculous escapes which make one's hair stand on end. Her lucky star must have been on watch, however, for the Field Museum's Hall of Man is the result.

Though the original plan called for painted plaster models with human hair and glass eyes, Miss Hoffman persuaded the authorities that bronze figures would be better. These include Chinese, Malays, Hawaiians, and Indian and Nepalese princes.

The hardships of the journey, Miss Hoffman took in her stride, aided by her husband, Samuel Grimson, who acted as photographer. They travelled in stuffy native trains, by camel, motor, and ship, always accompanied by their twenty-seven boxes of equipment.

She had barely left her hotel in Shanghai when it was bombed by the Japanese; in the Malay jungles she would have been bitten by a snake had it not been for the vigilance of the native she was modelling; in Bali she was nearly hit by coconuts several times while watching a dancing ceremony.

If you once open the book and see one of the illustrations, you won't lay it down until you have read it from cover to cover, for the illustrations are one of its most fascinating features. You'll find photographs of statues of Paderewski, of Anna Pavlowa, of Hawaiian surf riders, Chinese Coolies, African warriors, pygmies, Burmese "giraffe-necked" women, and pictures of bronzes in various stages of the making.

Miss Hoffman must have been a great sculptor before her expedition, else the Field Museum would not have chosen her, but surely the success of the Hall of Man and the living quality of this book have given her permanent fame.

Joyce Thompson, '38

Weather - Bound

RAIN

I've just turned off the radio,
And spurned the many books,
And now I gaze at splattered panes,
With pensive, moody looks.

I watch the swift, fine drizzle
That headlights passing by
Reveal with candid clearness,
Like needles loosed on high.

I hear the pounding rain-drops
Echo through the room,
Penetrate the silence,
Accentuate the gloom.

And then I see the likeness
Of rain to time and life
As it drones on so relentlessly
With its firm, unyielding strife.

Helen Johnson, '38



SAILING

When summer breezes whisper
And the blue waves gently curl,
I board my trim, swift craft
And watch her sheets unfurl.

In an instant I cast the mooring,
In an instant I start to glide,
With nothing but pleasure before
me;
My troubles all have died.

The borderless sea surrounding
Carries my thoughts afar.
I rock and drift and dream
Till low in the west—a star.

Brenda Davison, '39

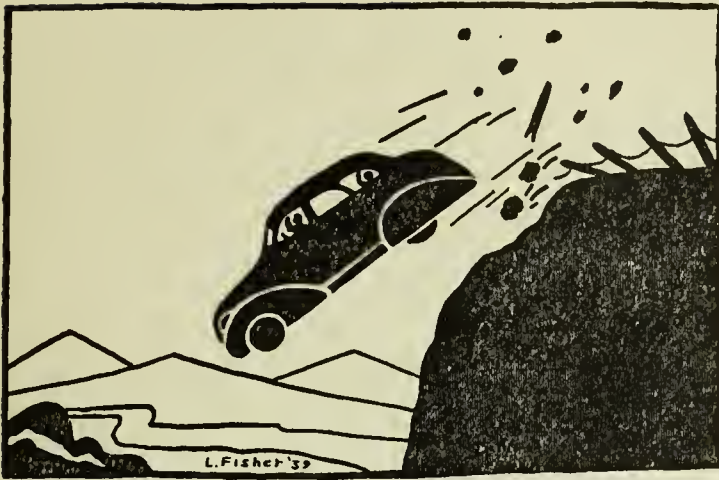
A WINTER'S TALE

His hat was an old black derby
With a feather in the band,
His eyes, two sparkling buttons
In a face inexpressive and bland,
Around his cold neck was thrown,
In a jaunty sort of way,
A woolly scarf that grandma knit
With fringe of colors gay,
The children stood and admired their
work,
The fruit of their labor that day,
But the sun shone bright and warm
ere noon—
Mr. Snowman passed away!

Mary Falvey, '39

Reflections

DOROTHY DYER, '38



★ *Confound* this rain; can't see two feet ahead. Wonder what's the matter with the windshield wiper — worked okay last time. Guess I'll stop awhile. May let up a little. A drink wouldn't go so bad anyway. Let's see—where am I? Almost to the "Blue Tavern." I'll go a bit farther; rather have more

drinks and less service anyway. What a racket—this tip business. Wonder if I can make that light. Too slippery—might skid. Okay, bud, keep your shirt on, I'm moving. Wonder where some of these smart Alecs would be without a horn. Thinks he's a big shot, I suppose. Mmmmmmm, here's a place that doesn't look so bad; may as well stop here as anywhere; hope that rain stops. Not bad, this place. I'll have to remember it. . . Say, this hits the spot all right, all right. . . Gee, didn't know it was that late. Just one more and I'll shove off. Where's the door? Oho, must've had one too many. Where the heck—O, I've got it. What a night—bad as ever. Let's see now, how do I turn here? This is right; I remember the dark stretch. Not many cars on the road—I'll step it up a little. What's that? Something in the road? Must be imagining things. No! Brakes! My God! There was something! A kid! Must have been a kid! On a bicycle. What if he's dead! Good Lord, what a mess. What'll I do? Can't leave him here. Wonder where he lives. Might take him to a hospital and say I found him in the road. They'd find dents in the fenders or something. A cop! I'm done for this time. I'll get the kid in the back seat anyway and we'll rush him to the hospital. Perhaps there is a chance for him yet.

★

Gee, what happened? O yeah, the car couldn't stop. Wonder where he's taking me. Must be to the hospital. Guess I'll keep quiet and not say anything. What a smash! Guy was on the wrong side of the road—musta been drunk. Well, they can't say it was my fault this time. Holy cats, the same cop! Maybe it won't be so easy. Wonder what my bike looks like—must be smashed to pieces. I don't feel so bad though. If I keep still maybe he'll think I'm hurt bad and buy me a new bike. He might have dough. Pretty swell looking car he's got here.

★

What will his mother say this time, I wonder? Kid must have a charmed life. This makes the third time he's been hit, I guess. Out on a night like this with no light—well it's the last time he'll do it on that bike. Driver seems to be pretty jittery—poor guy—probably first time he ever hit anyone. Well, guess he'll get out of it all right under the conditions. The man couldn't be expected to see a bike without a light, on a night like this.



If that kid's dead it means prison. The cop must smell the liquor. Drunken driving and manslaughter—that's what the charges will be. Heaven knows what that means. Prison, prison! Uniforms, bars. No! Never! He told me to do forty-five—if I step it up to sixty I can jump the curb and crash the fence on the curve at the foot of this grade. There's a forty foot drop to the tracks—that ought to end my trouble. No jail life for me! Here goes!



The Knaave Of Hearts or Cupid Stalks Our Corridors

★ *Side by side*, hand in hand, they walk about, these lovers of ours. With tender glances and soft voices they caress each other. The arms of Psyche, goddess of young love, encompass them and the merciless arrows of Cupid thud into their unresisting hearts. The sweet voices of this god and goddess lull them, all unsuspecting, into a state where air is their floor and things seem as in a dream. They do not tread the corridors of Senior High; their light feet carry them to a place where moonlit waters caress the silver sands, where from the shades of the forest comes the wood thrush's call or the sweet, clear song of the nightingale. The heady essence of exotic flowers clouds their brains so that nothing is real but the other.

But this ethereal paradise is short-lived, for the brazen clangor of a bell jerks them from their peaceful reveries to send them scurrying to their next class, there to slump in their seats and stare out the window, with unseeing eyes, enduring life till they may once more gain that celestial state where nothing matters and earthy things are as far from them as limburger is from a dowager.

How cruel it is to startle them from their dreams! Instead of harsh bells why not a chime to waken them more easily? Instead of bare, hard corridors, why not a carpeted lane strewn with roses to guide their happy feet?

Let us not intrude upon their peace, let us not divert those warm glances. It surprises me sometimes that those warm glances don't short-circuit. But be that as it may, let us leave them alone.

There is a limit, however, so let these people take heed! Let one more pair of love-stricken young calves get in my way and there will be two less students in Quincy High!

Roy Hutchins, '39

When Peace Is Forgotten

Best Sophomore Story—DOMENICA DE POLO



★ *The towering* Alps with their old white heads looked down protectingly on a cozy little village in northern Italy where, for generations, peace-loving farmers had made their homes, cultivated small patches of rocky soil, and labored to raise their sons and daughters hoping that they would be the pride and joy of their old age, when all else failed. This was not to be. The tender dreams of mothers, the proud hopes of fathers for their sons were torn ruthlessly from the bosoms of those who cherished them, when in the year 1914 war was declared.

Among the villagers was a widowed mother whose very life was in the keeping of her only son, Mario, whom she adored.

As she stood on the sidelines, with a heart too full of tender pride and bitter sorrow for common tears, she watched all that her seventy years stood for, marching with the rest of the youths, full of life and anticipation of victory. The flag that floated before them held in its silken folds the lives of these youths and the broken hearts of mothers, wives and sweethearts. And so the flower of youth marched away from the safe secluded gardens.

Cannons roared; guns barked; men moaned in agony; women screamed in horror; Death was a constant companion; war had begun! Mario was amidst all this. Along with his companions he fought at the front, heedless of rain, snow, bitter cold, stifling heat, rotting food, biting cooties, scurrying rats, physical pain, heart-breaking sorrow, and all else that spelled war. The very rivers from which they drank flowed red with the blood of those who had died protecting their banks. A year had gone by. Day after day, week after week the struggle went on with not a spark of hope for peace.

One night Mario was left on guard over a few of his sleeping companions, the small remnant of Company K after the memorable encounter at the Piave. He had had a hard day, but with the never-complaining spirit of a soldier he undertook his task. As night spread her blanket over the battle-torn world and the stars twinkled as though glad to be thousands of miles away from that ruthless planet, Earth, that never learns even by experience that war is futile, Mario's thoughts wandered far from their abode to dwell on the sweet, more humane things of life. How beautiful the world really was, how peaceful and quiet, how far away and unreal the war seemed. Mario heard a step. "Halt! Who goes there!"

"Just Luigi, Mario. Put down your gun. Golly, but I was thirsty. I just got up to get a drink. Would you like some? Here." After giving Mario the water and exchanging a few words, Luigi departed for his tent.

The whispering of the winds and the fragrance of the pines drifting lusciously past Mario's nostrils threatened to make numb his tired senses. He must not sleep. He must not! Dear God forbid that this should happen. The lives of those men sleeping were intrusted to him. The whispering of the wind went on, the fragrance of the pines grew sweeter. Sleep beckoned that tired youth to rest and he answered.

In the still of the night came the enemies as if they knew that the guard had fallen asleep, to attack the unsuspecting survivors of Company K. First they seized and tied Mario, who had awakened too late to give the signal, but not too late to realize what he had done. He repented with a broken heart the weakness which had led him to fall asleep, when if he had been awake, he could have given to his comrades a chance for victory, instead of letting them be caught in a trap like rats. The enemies made prisoners of all the other men in the camp. As they were being led away under heavy guard with Mario at their head, on only one face was there a gleam of triumph, and that face was the face of the traitor who was responsible for this predicament. Thus Mario and his comrades were led to Austrian prisons, victims of war.

While Mario was in prison, his thoughts wandered back to the bitter night when they had been captured and wondered how he could have fallen asleep. No suitable explanation entered his aching head as dawn broke, flooding the earth with sunlight.

Silence, then footsteps were heard coming nearer and nearer to Mario's lonely cell. "Who could it be?" Mario wondered. The footsteps ceased. Mumbling was heard. Mario grew tense and braced himself against the rough stone wall of his cell to hear what was being said.

—"and," said a voice full of bitter sarcasm, "I disguised myself and became a respectable member of their regiment."

"This voice sounds familiar," thought Mario.

The voice continued, "When Mario was on guard he was thirsty, and I, like a gentleman, offered him a drink from my canteen. How was I to know that I had put sleeping powder in it?" A loud laugh from both men followed this bit of grim humor and the men departed.

Mario's head dropped to his hands. He had heard all that he wanted to hear and more. So this was how it had happened, this was the way in which he had been betrayed. As he dragged himself, heavy in heart, to the crude bench which he used for a bed, it all came back to him with sickening revelation. He, Mario, had partaken of the water that was to put him to sleep and cause this catastrophe, just as the traitor and spy had said. As these thoughts raced about in his head, a spark of hope kindled in his bosom. He knew now that he was innocent, and knowing this, he could perhaps convince his countrymen who now disdained him. His own conscience clear, he could hold up his head. He need no longer call himself a traitor; he need no longer shelter the pain of being a man without a country. Yes, he was innocent. He knew it and those who loved him knew it, but who else would? Doubt crept over the heart that was joyous for but a brief time. How was he to prove his innocence? The traitor that had done this wrong to him

would never confess and he had no way of proving his innocence. Thus we leave this embittered youth, hating the world that had wronged him.

When the Armistice was declared the same mothers that had stood in the sidelines in the village, stood there again that day, hoping against hope that their sons would return with the others. Among them was Mario's mother. Her old face lighted with hope and expectation that was to be quenched. No Mario marched in the ranks. She walked home, tears blinding her eyes, the flickering flame of life nearly gone out, a broken, pitiful woman. When with trembling hands she opened the door of her home, before her stood her son, Mario, the lines of the past suffering erased from his face at the joy of seeing his old mother once more. After a hard battle with himself he had decided to take the only road back and that was to try to prove his innocence. Had he stayed out of his country he might have escaped the inevitable punishment of martial law for one failing in his duty. He could not at any price, give up his life without a supreme effort to save it.

It was a beautiful sunset; the church bells chimed the "Ave Maria." Mario stood bound and blindfolded, his back to the grave that was to be his resting place, his face forward to the sunset that he could not see, his strong body the target of those men with guns. His generous heart was full of forgiveness. The guns barked twice in succession interrupting the chimes, and Mario's soul ascended into Heaven along with their melody. His attempts at proving his innocence had failed and he was caught and killed as a traitor. Such is war, ruthless, treacherous, and unfeeling. May the good God grant us everlasting peace.



Personal Pleasures

By ROSE MACAULAY

★ *In her* delightful essays, "Personal Pleasures," Miss Rose Macaulay presents a varied and unusual array of subjects. Common, everyday topics such as church going, getting into bed, and going to parties are brought to our attention. The author expresses opinions which have often occurred to us, but which we are not able to expand upon as clearly or as bluntly as she has done.

The author's knack of using words that convey her meaning particularly well adds to the keen humor of the compositions. After a vivid, or imaginary or very inspiring description, there is invariably in the last paragraph some common-place remark which breaks the spell and brings one down to earth with a jolt.

"Book Auctions" is especially enjoyable. The sales room is quiet except for the auctioneer who never ceases to talk and coax and wheedle his clients into buying. The flip of a notebook, the blowing of a nose, and the tilt of a hat signifies to the presiding god that the price offered for the book in question is being raised. During the proceedings, the author unfortunately has the hiccups and finds herself the owner of a volume which she heartily does not want.

The essay about the old family album is also very amusing. How many people discuss and pore over this precious heirloom in just the way Miss Macaulay relates it, criticising, pausing to tell stories about the person in question, commenting on the style of dress, and skipping the unmentionable ancestors! The essay ends with this comment: "Poor figures I feel most of us will cut beside them, when the album shall imprison us, too." This is a sad but true observation which will be endorsed by future generations.

Peggy Syme, '38

★ *Twenty-Three*



QUINCY HI

Volume — INCREASING

EVERYBODY

TIME MARCHES ON AT QUINCY HIGH

September

- 8 Welcome, Sophs.
- 9 Mornin,' teacher.
- 17 Constitution Day — out at noon.
- 25 Hooray! Quincy 14, Braintree 0.
- 2 Three more cheers! Quincy 12, Brookline 0.

October

- 9 Too bad. Chelsea 27, Quincy 13.
- 11 Deficiencies—remember?
- 12 Our regards to Christopher C.
- 14 Juniors and seniors hear Mr. Howard P. Davis.
- 16 Shucks! Quincy 0, Attleboro 0.
- 25 Ouch! Newton 21, Quincy 0.
- 30 A triumph—well done! Quincy 6, Weymouth 0.

November

- 5 Lively North rally.
- 6 Quincy 0, North 0. So what?
- 6 "Music goes round"—in the gym. Varsity Dance.
- 10 Armistice assembly program.
- 11 Day off. Armistice.
- 13 Wow! Quincy 27, Fitchburg 7.
- 16 Report Cards—as if you forgot!
- 19 Brockton rally.
- 20 Must we tell? Brockton 32, Quincy 0.
- 23 City pays honor to Dr. Hunting.
- 24 Thanksgiving holiday — beginning at noon.
- 25 Ah! Turkey Day!!

December

- 14 Science demonstration by General Motors.
- 17 Basketball season opens with the Alumni.
- 18 Hockey season opens at the Arena.
- 20 Greetings!—deficiencies.
- 21 Annual Christmas program.
- 23 Christmas vacation.
- 25 The Season's greetings.

January

- 1 Happy New Year.
- 3 Back again.

VARSITY DANCE ENJOYED BY MANY

For some 350 students and their guests, the "music went 'round and 'round" merrily in the gym on November sixth. The event was the Varsity Dance, sponsored by the Student Council. Following through this theme, attractive sports murals colorfully decorated the gym. Members of the football team were guests of the Student Council. Hugh Russell's orchestra furnished the melodious tunes that kept those present well occupied for the evening.

GREAT INTEREST SHOWN IN NEW CLUBS

During this fall, two new clubs were formed in the school, the Rifle Club and the Riding Club.

The Rifle Club was organized by Mr. LeCain, who is the director. The members have become affiliated with the National Rifle Association, and they are going to shoot for official N.R.A. medals. Later, it is planned, a representative team will be chosen to compete with other school or club teams. Plans for practice include Swingle's Quarry and the Armory. The officers are Jack Jones, president; Francis Saltus, vice president; Lawrence Copeland, secretary; and Robert Kelcourse, treasurer.

THE RIDING CLUB

Have you seen any bent knees or heard any creaking bones lately? Well, that is the way Quincy High's Riding Club advertises. This new club meets every Monday in suitable weather and starts out from Ferguson's Riding Stables in Braintree. The group rides through trails in the Blue Hills under the instruction of members of the Ferguson family. Who knows but that in the future, stabling for horses will be as much in demand by pupils as parking space for bicycles?

JUNIORS AND SENIORS HEAR MR. HOWARD P. DAVIS

On the fourteenth of October, the senior and junior classes were privileged to hear Mr. Howard P. Davis, commentator and foreign correspondent for "News Week" magazine. Mr. Davis, who was brought before the students through the efforts of Mr. Hardy of the Y.M.C.A., was introduced by Robert Dobbryn, senior class president.

Mr. Davis's subject was the political and economic situations confronting the world today. He told us that Germany, Italy, and Japan (the "have-not" nations) have developed in such a way that the peace of the world has been jeopardized. He also told us what these nations are striving toward, and what the result would be if ever their aims should cross those of the greater powers of the world. Blaming the way in which the Allies treated these nations at the close of the World War, he cautioned us to be broad-minded and tolerant, and to respect the other fellow's point of view, and there proceeded to warn us of the results if we do not consider the other person.

Mr. Davis's power to hold the attention of his audience strongly indicated that this subject proved very interesting to all. He is, most assuredly, welcome to speak here again at any time.

GIRLS' CLUB ACTIVE IN HOLIDAY SEASON

The Girls' Club has done its usual good piece of work during the holiday season. The Thanksgiving collections which were turned over to the Family Welfare Society, were the most successful in recent years, showing the excellent work of the club and its members. The annual Children's Christmas Party, a regular yearly club activity, was a most pleasant affair for the children invited. Each guest was assigned to a club member, who saw that the youngster enjoyed himself and was supplied with a gift from Santa. Games were played and carols sung. The party was enlivened by the gayly decorated tree and the appearance of Santa Claus himself. The Christmas Party has become one of the most important of the activities of our school.

Those students who were browsing included Edna McConaghy, Francis Ranieri, Betty Wylie, Ann Daley, Jack Jones, Richard DeBruyn.

QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL
HONOR ROLL FOR THE QUARTER ENDING ON NOVEMBER 12, 1937
CLASS OF 1938

Highest Honors:

Walter Anderson	Frances Kramer	Priscilla Pinel	Irving Sibert
Lahja Kohonen	Barbara Merrill	Louise Quintiliani	

Honors:

Martha Ahola	Dorothy Dyer	Gladys Kewn	Dorothy Sawyer
Gloria Alicandri	Attilio Franceschini	Robert Kingsbury	Rita Scanlon
Mildred Anderson	James Geddes	Marian Koeller	Arne Severinson
Robert Avery	Greta Goodwin	Gordon Lauder	Ida Sgobba
Lincoln Bartlett	Yvette Goudreau	John Laukkanen	Miriam Sheehan
Phyllis Bassett	Lorraine Gove	George Lusk	Ruth Silver
Harold Bertrand	Jennie Graceffa	Irene MacCauley	Harold Sinclair
Claire Brick	Ralph Graham	Edna McConaghy	Dorothy Singler
John Brown	Elsa Grahm	John McKenzie	Evelyn Smith
Eleanor Caliacco	Jessie Grant	Betty McNicol	Ray Smith
Jack Cappabianca	Marion Gustafson	Emily Mandelli	Kathryn Snow
Ruth Carlisle	Margaret Hagerty	Lamont Marchant	Lester Sprague
William Carnathan	Isabel Hajjar	Ethel Marder	David Sternberg
Kathleen Caron	Raakel Hamalainen	Sophie Messina	Mary Syme
James Cassani	Ruth Hendrick	William Munroe	Eugene Tangherlini
Frances Clark	Myrtle Holmgren	Phyllis Olson	Diana Taplin
Dorothy Coffman	Evelyn Holtsclaw	John Page	Lucy Tenore
Alfred Colella	Adeline Igo	Bernard Paolucci	Evelyn Theall
Jean Cunningham	Alice Jackson	Betty Pickett	William Turner
Anna Daly	Shirley Janik	Roger Quilty	Clara Ward
Rose D'Atri	Helen Johnson	Francis Ranieri	Elizabeth Ward
Gertrude Davis	William Johnson	Francis Richards	William Wishart
Richard DeBruyn	Jack Jones	Lucy Rigo	Bella Yabovitz
Mary Donaher	Clara Kapsis	Marion Royce	Morris Zeidman
Catherine Driscoll	Helen Kellner	Lillian Russell	
	Bernice Kermode	Margaret Sandford	

CLASS OF 1939

Highest Honors:

Phyllis Dunstan	Priscilla Kay	Richard Seymour	Betty Wylie
Richard Fallows	Antonio Mollica	Madelyn Stout	Theresa Zezzos
	Jean Muir	Emily Vaillancourt	

Honors:

Dorothy Anderson	Charles Conway	William Kataja	Jean Norrie
Julia Angelini	Frances Cooney	Maura Keating	Florence O'Brien
Rae Appel	Virginia DiMonte	Jessie Kettlety	Marion Pugliesi
Audrey Ash	Jean Doig	Helen Kondelin	Joan Richards
Marion Asnes	Elinor Dunkerly	Hester Koskinen	Doris Rioux
Robert Bailey	Marjorie Eng	Ruth Leonard	Joe Salvatore
Andrew Baker	John Eramo	Rosemary Logan	Dorothy Seaver
Phyllis Barkley	Marie Erickson	Madeline McCormick	Alice Smith
Earle Beauregard	Elizabeth Esi	Helen McGrath	Frederick Spencer
Lawrence Bertrand	Dorothy Fallows	Phyllis Macomber	Earl Smith
Angelina Biagini	Mary Falvey	John McLean	Edmund Spinney
Eleanor Bone	Marjorie French	Marion Macteer	Gerald Sullivan
Theodore Bottigi	Jean Galbraith	Arthur Mackie	Edna Tamm
Paula Bradford	Evelyn Gallagher	Margery Martin	Agnes Tatro
Joseph Butt	Dorothy Giarusso	Duncan Melrose	Edna Thorner
Clarence Carlson	Arthur Granville	Myrtle Mock	Lorraine Tolman
Dorothy Ceriani	Walter Gustafson	Ella Montgomery	Geraldine Turney
John Chisholm	Alfred Hakkarinen	Linda Monti	Eleanor Twiss
Madeline Cislighi	Sam Hassan	Dina Morelli	Ruth Whiting
Barbara Collins	Roy Hutchins	Ann Moscone	
	Emily Johnson	Anna Nimeskern	

CLASS OF 1940

Highest Honors:

Eleanor Arvidson	Kathleen Hoffman	Marianne Ostrum	Ruth Rappaport
Inez Donati	Anny Laukkanen	Louise Patriarca	Donald White
Dorothy Gilliland	Dorothy McLean	Cesareo Pena	

Honors:

John Adams	Erva Davidson	Robert Hart	Jeanne Millett
Virginia Allen	Paul Dennehy	James Haslett	James Milne
Edward Anastasi	Alice DePesa	Loretta Hawco	Daniel Mochen
Veijo Anderson	Domenica DePolo	Ruth Hibbett	Doris Moody
Arnold Applebaum	Annette DiBona	Elaine Hubbell	Marion Norling
Derelyn Bagley	Olga DiChristopher	Roland Johnson	Dante Pasqualone
Florence Beaton	Pearl Duffey	Marguerite Joss	Frank Pohlson
Mabel Biagini	Philip Dwyer	John Judge	Rita Pompeo
Cynthia Bishop	Constance Estes	Frances Kerr	Doris Preston
Charles Boisclair	Rose Fantasia	Richard Koski	Hazel Prevost
Rita Braun	Orman Fisher	Maria LaMantia	Albert Quist
Warren Broberg	Marion Fredrickson	Flora Latou	Doris Raleigh
Marjorie Burr	Rose Gabriel	Theresa Lawrence	Helen Ross
Mary Bussolini	Helen Gallagher	Louise Lennon	Phyllis Rowe
Gilda Campitelli	Ruth Gilbody	Margaret Leva	Mary St. John
Marjorie Cameron	Theresa Giudici	Robert Lindquist	Marie Saluti
Lilly Carlson	Elizabeth Graff	Joseph Liva	Margaret Saulnier
Alice Carson	Eileen Gray	Gemma Lungari	Clare Shillue
Fred Caulfield	Frances Griffin	Maria Marchetti	Beverly Sinclair
Edith Cellucci	Elna Groop	Russell Maver	Eileen Sweeney
Angelina Cenci	Helen Gustafson	William McInnis	Isabelle Thiboutot
Betty Coates	Ruth Gustafson	Mary MacIntosh	Mardita Thompson
William Cohen	Julia Hajjar	George McKenna	Elizabeth Todd
Betty Coose	Dorothy Hanson	Irma McKenzie	Jean Tolphin
David Curtin	Marjorie Hansson	Wallace McPhee	John Vergobbi
	Virginia Harding	Roy Marcucci	Irma Wolf



Do You Know Mr. Burnham?

An Interview With Our Supervisor of Attendance

By BARBARA MERRILL, '38

* If you haven't met the gentleman, you really should; for Mr. Burnham, Quincy's efficient Truant Officer (or, to be technically correct, our Supervisor of Attendance) is such a fine person to know socially. As for business contacts, I suppose we should be thankful that they have been few and far between!

Mr. Burnham has served six years in the capacity of Truant Officer, and, though he is an accountant by profession and has worked in several other fields, he finds his present occupation the most interesting of all. It is not that he enjoys intercepting the wandering feet of some of our classmates, but he does like the associations with both pupils and parents it affords him, and also the opportunity for setting many a youngster on the road to happiness and success.

Working in connection with the Welfare Society and other social organizations, he is in a position to lend valuable aid to those needing assistance. Through his office are also handled the working certificates necessary for those under twenty-one years engaged in any employment.

He has found that most parents are only too anxious to coöperate with him and are appreciative of the School Department's efforts to keep their children in school.

This incident that he related to me I found rather amusing. One beautiful spring morning he was reprimanding a boy who had played "hookey" the

preceding day, which had been rainy, cold, and thoroughly disagreeable. Mr. Burnham asked the boy, who had spent the bleak day wandering through the woods, why, if he was planning to skip school, he had not at least selected a more pleasant day. The youngster's ready response was, "Well, sir, I didn't think you would suspect me on a day like that."

Mr. Burnham is very much interested in athletics and enjoys working with the boys on the Legion teams. He has made a great many friends in the schools during his career as Attendance Supervisor, and has had the satisfaction of having many an offender come to him after graduation and confess that his sage counsel had helped to lead him to worth-while achievements.



A Gypsy Reverie

EMILY VAILLANCOURT, '38

★ *The firelight* traces each seam in her countenance and each seam tells a story. She is old, incredibly so. The rosy reflection of the flames softens her features and the countless furrows seem not so deep, as she sits meditating by the iron pot from which steam odored with rabbit meat, rises and mingles with the air above. Her sharp, beady eyes were once soft and dancing eyes, whose caressing glances captivated the dashing gypsy males. With age and wisdom attained, bearing children, the trials of hardship, her youthful expression has changed to one of shrewdness.

As dusk clothes all drabness and austerity, so also is the gypsy woman enfolded in its fading light. We see her in the twilight by the fire, stirring the stew. Only a faint outline of her bent back is visible. Wisps of hair fall about her face and are blown back by the rising steam. Her greasy spoon is suspended in mid-air as she unseeingly stares at the pot. Dancing shadows play in the hollows between each bone of her hand. Half naked children shriek joyously as they smell supper cooking and they crowd around the pot with tin cups, ready to devour their share. Rangy dogs come forward with their lolling, dripping tongues. Rabbit stew waters their mouth and fills their stomach cavities rapidly, but still their ribs show through flea-bitten flesh.

She serves each one, expressionless and tireless. After supper, music and dancing occupy all but her. Deformed and toothless, she sits back in the darkness, watching the merrymaking before her. Youth was having its fling. Once she had been the object of ardent glances and had danced to the gay accordions and jingling tambourines.

Almost a century drifts past her as she dozes off contentedly. As her eyes close, this worn woman relaxes. Her once luscious, full lips, now a thin purple line, droop. Veined, almost transparent eyelids slowly close over tired eyes as she sleeps, content with the world and her share of life in it. And we leave her thus.

From Our Side Less Homework, Please

★ *Although* school seems to be viewed by adults as a form of recreation, we pupils can assure you it is far from that. Of course, there is no physical labor involved, except in climbing stairs, but we really do work with our minds. Isn't it natural for us to object when our working hours extend into time we should have for fun? When our fathers have finished their work, they may go home and forget their labors, but we, who love parties, moving pictures, and companionship, must study French, do mathematics, make a map for history, and do that Library assignment for English. All this often takes four or five hours, which added to our regular working hours, makes at least a fifty hour week. Yet, what is it we study in P.V.A. or read about in the papers? A forty hour week.

Each teacher seems to forget that we have homework for other teachers, and sweetly remarks that it will only take a little while, not more than an hour, to do the assignment, but what if we have other homework?

When I have worked an hour or two after school, I grow tired, rather silly and restless, I am unable to concentrate, and my work the next day is very poor.

Even a Sophomore could see that the more subjects we take, the more recreation we ought to have, yet the exact opposite is true. We have more assignments which means more work.

If we must have homework, some system should be arranged so that pupils taking the largest number of subjects should have the least homework.

We, the pupils, urge that a new system be established, so that the coming generation may escape from the drudgery and long hour of toil which it is our lot to endure.

—Barbara Cosgrove, '38



Is The Age Limit Of Athletics Fair?

★ *A year ago*, a rule was handed down by the principals of high schools, barring all boys, nineteen or over from all school athletic teams. The injustice of this rule can be easily conceived. Many boys have lost a year of school on account of misfortune. Sickness, accidents, and family circumstances which hindered the child from entering school at the required age are only some of the unfortunate situations which are depriving students from giving their athletic services to the school. Boys aspiring to be athletes have had their athletic careers stopped. Not only students have voiced their disapproval but high school coaches as well, who state their respective teams have been greatly weakened. A boy reaching his senior year, expecting it to be his greatest in athletics, finds himself ineligible; thus the coach has to look for someone less experienced to fill the vacancy.

This enforcement does, however, keep "college boys" from participating in high school athletics. This rule is primarily for those boys who have no regard for scholastic achievements or who fail to live up to the standard of the school. Why not bar only those boys who have failed scholastically and not those who have been unfortunate?

—Eero Helin, '38

ALUMNI



Campus Chatter

Louise Benedetti, '37, is at Boston University, C.L.A., and Frances London, a classmate, is at the P.A.L. division of the same college.

Herbert Coffman, '36, is another alumnus at Boston University. He has elected the C.B.A. course.

John Bone, President of the class of '37, and William Butt, '37, are now studying at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Teaching still seems to be the most popular feminine vocation, for Bridgewater State Teachers' College has enfolded such students as Betty Milne, Amelia Acebo, Dorothy Stoler, Mary Ellard, Fannie Szathmary, Lora Von Bergen, and Norma Wolfe, and Framingham Teachers' College has claimed June Catler and Stella Smith, all from the class of '37. Barbara Dobbyn, '36, is Treasurer of the sophomore class at Bridgewater.

Northeastern University is attended by Fred Hoffstein, Walter Skoglund, William Steele and Paul Haynes, all of '37, and Russell Ross, '36.

Bernard Collins, '37, is a member of the freshman class at Holy Cross.

Betty Nelson and Virginia Salorio, '37, report that they are members of the Y-Club at Simmons College, and Shirley Bean and Madeline Shipsey are doing well in their studies as members of the freshman class.

Marie Gillette and Miriam Colburn, '37, are attending Colby Junior College.

Sidney Brick, '37, is a freshman at Colby College.

Bruce Marshall, '36, is enrolled at Clemson Military Academy, South Carolina, where he is taking an engineering course.

Parks Hunt, '35, is studying for the ministry at the Gordon Bible College.

The Varsity track meet at Harvard was won this year by Carlton Crotty, '36.

Mabel Coy, well known Secretary of the class of '37, has moved to Houlton, Maine, where she is enrolled at Ricker Junior College.

Margaret Morin and Newton MacLeod of '36 are making exceptional records in their studies at Radcliffe and Harvard. Both are recipients of scholarships for their sophomore years in recognition of high scholastic attainment.

Arthur Johnston, '33, a senior in the College of Engineering, Northeastern University, has been chosen Vice-President of the Student Council for 1938.

Out for Business

Lila Peterson, '37, is attending the Massachusetts School of Art, and Esther Wallin, '36, is studying fashion-illustrating at the same school.

Jose Acebo and Douglas Bailey, '37, are attending the Bentley School of Accounting.

Bertha Leppanen, Vice-President of the class of '36, is in training at the New England Baptist Hospital.

Jean Donaldson, '37, is in New York, where she is studying for the stage.

Toini Tirri, '37, is a student at Wilfred Academy.

Music Notes

Warren Freeman, June '29, formerly Director of Music at Hyannis Teachers' College, is now Director of Music in Belmont, Mass. Mr. Freeman and Miss Harriet Barbour, daughter of a former Superintendent of Schools in Quincy, a graduate of Q.H.S. in 1919, and the author of several books, have recently published a book on music.

Alfred Starrett, '34, is choir director at the Boylston Street Congregational Church, Jamaica Plain.

Louise Rood, June '32, and Dorothy Firmani, Feb. '32, are cellist and violinist in the Trio D'Or.

Eleanor Lindquist, '36, is at present playing in the MacDowell Orchestra.

Francis Tatro, June '31, a graduate of the New England Conservatory, is the director of music in Franklin, New Hampshire, and is also teaching in Tilton.

The Working World

John Lewis Miller, June '21, is the new Superintendent of Schools in Brockton, Mass.

John Marshall, '32, Bowdoin College '36, is now working in Mobile, Alabama.

Marion Fuller, '33, Bridgewater State Teachers' College '37, is teaching school in Attleboro, Mass.

Marion Myrbeck, popular member of the class of '36, is working for the Kistler Leather Company.

Carl Nielson, '36, is on the staff of the "Quincy Patriot Ledger."

Phyllis Papagni, '33, is employed in the main office of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation.

Frederick Harvey, January '31, Northeastern University '37, received the degree Bachelor of Science in Chemical Engineering with Honor. He is now employed by the Calco Chemical Company of Bound Brook, New Jersey.

Warren Kirkland, June '32, Northeastern University '37, received the degree Bachelor of Science in Industrial Engineering. He is employed by the Monroe Steam Turbine Company.

"What I Enjoy Most At College"

Impressions from the Class of '37

"Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the Forsyth Dental Infirmary is the stress laid on the professional manner."

Constance Viner, Forsyth Dental Infirmary

"All I can say is that I would enjoy being back in Q.H.S., for in my three years there I had *one swell time*."

James Whelan, Holy Cross College

"What I enjoy most is the dormitory life. They have wonderful contests to offer, a wide variety of amusements and grand food."

Lois Walker, Skidmore

"What I enjoy most at college is *college*. There are so many fine things that a lowly freshman is confused and held in awe."

Ronald Vanelli, Harvard

"I enjoy especially the sports in which we participate, and the swimming pool of which the college is so proud."

Alice Evans, University of North Carolina

"The many splendid acquaintances I have made have impressed me most of all. I am hoping to join the orchestra."

Edward Immar, Suffolk Law School

"I enjoy almost everything at college. I've made the first Glee Club and joined the Athletic Association."

June Catler, Framingham

"I enjoy my secretarial course, living in a different section of the country, and, of course, sports."

Ruth Young, Alma College, Toronto

"It was one of the greatest thrills I've ever had to sing the Maine 'Stein Song' for the first time as a member of the University."

Hugh Lusk, University of Maine

"I derive the most enjoyment from contacts with such interesting people as the great Cyrus Dallin."

Eunice DeWolfe, Massachusetts School of Art

"Outside of Amherst, I find English Literature and Psychology so absorbing that college life is both busy and most interesting."

Genevieve Ash, Smith

"Everything about college is perfect. I think the friends I've made are the nicest part of all."

Kathleen Moran, Regis

"While making a detailed study of Benny Goodman, I never-the-less find time for bull-sessions, but still find it most difficult to lose weight."

Jack Crosby, Brown

"It's fun just being a Freshman, even though we did have to wear green hair ribbons until Thanksgiving."

Peggy Brown, Jackson

"So far initiation week was what I enjoyed most. It all added to the air of informality and friendliness at college."

Virginia Grossman, Sargent

"I find dorm' life loads of fun. I have gone out for archery and basketball."

Edna Brown, Bridgewater

"I was very much impressed by the spirit of friendliness, and I have joined the dramatic club here."

Bette Cutler, Boston University

Our Coaches Say—

To the Student Body:

At the close of a season that was gratifying to the coaches in many respects, it is indeed a pleasure to express a few thoughts concerning football at our school. Our past season was pleasing to the coaches because of the consistent improvement shown by the team during the course of the campaign. All credit is due to the boys who worked so hard improving themselves in order that they might represent Quincy High School in a creditable manner. Their spirit and loyalty are highly commendable.

A second thought concerns the student body. Your whole-hearted support of the boys who represented you on the football field was certainly noticed and appreciated. Loyalty to your school and its activities and a genuine interest in its welfare will help you to enjoy your school life. It will also encourage boys to do their utmost to warrant your interest in them. With the continued rise in spirit at our school it is inevitable that we shall all enjoy ourselves more in all our activities.

It is difficult to say a great deal concerning the future. However, after reviewing the progress made in the past few months, it is not too difficult to visualize a football team of which you can be justly proud, and for which we hope you will continue to cheer. The coaches have great confidence in the future success of Quincy High School football teams and we hope their efforts warrant your encouragement.

Sincerely,

HARRY DOWNES



To the Pupils of Quincy High School:

The basketball squad has been practising since the Thanksgiving vacation, and rapid strides have been made. It will take time before any definite lineup is established, as I shall have to become acquainted with the abilities, initiative and idiosyncracies of the candidates. There are many seniors with an average amount of ability, but, to date, no one can be classified as a star. That, however, can be expected for the boys must first become acquainted with the type of offense and defense they are to use this season. They are concentrating now on the fundamentals of the system.

I have been asked by many, "What kind of a team are we going to have this year?" and invariably my answer has been, "I don't know because I haven't worked with the boys long enough to predict."

I doubt very much that we are going to be a tournament team, but, judging from the spirit of the boys, our opponents will have to be A-1 if they are going to defeat us.

We promise our school supporters one thing, and that is thirty-two minutes of Basketball, provided our team receives the inspiration a team needs to nose out an equal opponent in a close game. To this end we ask your loyal support, and if that given the football team is any criterion, we have every reason to believe it will be forthcoming.

Sincerely yours,

MUNROE MacLEAN



Eddie Kroeser
winding up for a pass....



Coach
Harry Downes..



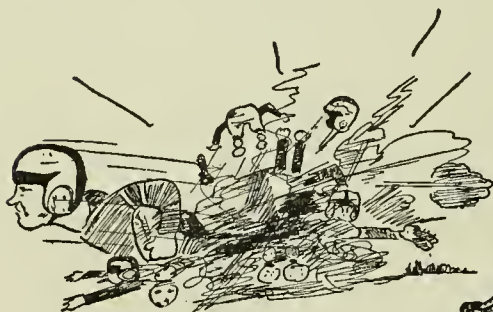
Large John Joyce—a perfect
pass receiver....



When Marchant tackles em—
theyre tackled....



In the
Chelsea game
Duke Comp gained
more yards than the
entire Chelsea
backfield....!



Barsella comin' through..!



Quincy's eight managers
keeping everything under control !...



Broderick's and Mountain's
kicking gained many
yards for Quincy....

Handwritten signature

Boys' Sports

VARSITY FOOTBALL

Starting off a new era of football under Harry Downes and Monroe McLean, Quincy High's new football coaches, the team completed the first successful grid season in the past three years. The Quincyites gained wins over Braintree, Brookline, Weymouth and Fitchburg. Chelsea, Newton and Class A Brockton handed the locals losses. Attleboro and North Quincy fought Quincy to scoreless stalemates. The opposition outscored Quincy 87 to 72.

Leading the scorers was George Comi with 24 points. Ed Broderick had 19; Henry Barsella scored 7. Others who figured in the scoring were Harold Bertoni, Al Mountain, Johnnie Salvucci, John Joyce, and Captain Monte Marchant.

Bright lights in the Quincy lineup all year long were Cecil Kilrain, Captain Monte Marchant, and Gordon Howley. These three boys started every game, and their playing was of the highest calibre.

Coach Downes presented his first Quincy High football team at Braintree, where Quincy won over the Braintreeites by a 14-0 score. There Mountain and Comi made great runs to score. Joyce kicked two successful conversions.

The red-clad Brookline High gridsters were the second to fall before Quincy, this time by a 12-0 margin, George Comi and Ed Broderick going over the last stripe for Quincy.

Fate began to take hold as the Red Devils from Chelsea High crushed Quincy by 27-13 after a hard battle. The team continued to slump

as Class C Attleboro held Quincy to a scoreless contest which featured the brilliant playing of both teams' linemen. Next week, Class A Newton, paced by hammering Guido Castoldi, handed Quincy a sound 21-0 beating. Taking advantage of "breaks," Newton built up an early lead which they never relinquished.

Making their third appearance on South Shore soil, the Quincyites outplayed Weymouth High to win 6-0. This game saw Ed Broderick go over for the winning score. Comi's punting against the wind was one of the features of the game.

North Quincy was next on the list, and the verdict went down into the books as a scoreless tie. Both teams had a chance to score, but the chances were "muffed."

Fitchburg was next to feel the wrath of the ravaging Blues who, unaccustomed to mud, ran wild to beat the upstaters by 27-7. Johnnie Salvucci and Eddie Kroesser were badly injured.

The final game of the season saw the Class A leaders, and also Quincy's greatest rivals, Brockton High, taking the Granite City lads into camp easily, chalking up a 32-0 score. Captain Frankie Saba of Brockton was brilliant, scoring three times. Sam Franco and Bernie Gold also tallied for the red-outfitted boys.

We expect great things next year from the junior class players, Myrbeck, Comi, Kroesser, De Santis, Mullen, Mollica, Di Bona and Bertoni, and sophomores Jack Kilrain, Pecce, Pettenelli, and Ed Buckley.

Boys' Sports

JUNIOR VARSITY FOOTBALL

Harold Walton, '40

The Quincy High Junior Varsity football team started the 1937 season by journeying to Braintree where they topped the Wampatucks 6 to 0. Johnnie Salvucci went over for the score after Quincy had made a march down the field. The following week the Jayvees played Milton to a 13-13 stalemate. Dobbyn and Parziale tallied for Quincy. Returning to Milton shortly after for another game, the Quincyites were badly outclassed and lost 19-0. This seemed to hurt their vanity, and they promptly trampled over Thayer Academy, winning 26-0. The team ran wild in that encounter with Dobbyn, Sansatini, Winslow, and Patten counting.

The next week saw the all important game between Brockton and Quincy. Although they fought staunchly, Quincy was humbled by 20-7. Bob Dobbyn rang up the only Quincy score.

The season was due to close the next week after the Weymouth game. Weymouth, considered a strong eleven, succumbed to the locals by 19-0. The feature of the game was Shine Buckley's 50 yard sprint for a touchdown. Sansatini and Banks also scored.

Orchids to Mr. Hudson for his splendid work with the Junior Varsity throughout the season. Outstanding mail carriers were Bob Dobbyn, Shine Buckley, and Babe Sansatini. Considering everything, Quincy High's Junior Varsity did an excellent job in winning three, losing two, and tying one.

HOCKEY

Harold Walton, '40

With a good group of puck chasers coming back from last year's Quincy High hockey team, the outlook for this season is very bright. Practice began about the first of December with Captain Bill Maver, a wingman, leading the list of returning veterans. Others who saw action last year and who are out for the team are Charlie Winslow and Johnny Parziale, who are both juniors and play the wing position. Fred De Rico and Dave Pitman, two experienced goaltenders, will battle for that place. Ed Mullen will be seeking a defense berth. The Smith brothers, Roy and Dave, will be out for defense and center spots.

Others who look impressive are Gordon Howley, Kennie Normington, Charlie Erwin, Al Johnson, Ed Broderick, John McDonald, and Ken Morton. Coach Hudson has expressed his joy over the way the team is shaping up.

The team was scheduled to open the season on the Saturday before Christmas against Walpole, whom Quincy won over and tied last year.

In Captain Maver, the team has an experienced leader. Maver was a first string man on last year's sextet, showing up so well that he was elected to lead this year's team. Fred De Rico, a goalie, was one of the best at that position in the Bay State

Boys' Sports

FELLOW QUINCYITES

Another year has passed, and still Brockton continues to beat our Quincy High gridsters. This year the score was 32-0 for the Shoe City boys.

Orchids to Coaches Harry Downes and Monroe MacLean for the way in which they handled our first successful Q.H.S. football team in three years. Next year we shall have a better team, we hope.

Congratulation, Coach Wilson, for the great cross-country team that you produced, winning eight and losing one. This season, Captain Quilty, Howard Hatch, Gordon Rowe, and Captains-Elect Sibbald and Simpson, were outstanding runners.

Private operator 9³/₄ reports that Tubber Tropea, chubby football guard, says that he puts on poundage by eating spaghetti. George Comi, known as the leader of the Barbary Coast, enjoys eating sandwiches after practice.

With two sports already successes, in as far as wins and losses go, more are expected to follow. Both Varsity and Junior Varsity football teams hung up good records, while X-country was more than successful, winning eight meets and losing one, to Brockton.

To the "Quincy Patriot Ledger" sports department we extend a hearty "thank you." Throughout the season the editor, Don Vincent, did a fine job in keeping our school in the limelight, covering long practice sessions and all games in rain or sunshine. May Mr. Vincent continue as sports editor for many years to come.

CROSS-COUNTRY

Armando Reggiannini, '40

Under the leadership of Coach George A. Wilson and Captain Roger Quilty, the Quincy High cross-country team completed one of the greatest sessions in the Blue and White history, winning eight and losing one. The lone loss was handed them by Brockton by a 26-30 score at Brockton.

In the opening contest of the year, the Quincy boys barely defeated Arlington by a score of 27-28, and also beat Northeastern University freshmen by the same eyelash score. The first home encounter of the season was easily taken from Milton by a score of 21-37. This meet was featured by having Quilty, Rowe, Sibbald and Simpson finish in a tie for first place. The boys brought home another close win from M.I.T. freshmen at Franklin Park, 27-29. Again appearing on the Quincy course, the locals easily ate up Sandwich High, crunching them to the tune of 15-40. The Quincyites pinned a sound defeat on Weymouth by a 17-40 margin. The Blues also trounced Braintree by the score of 23-32, and narrowly won over North Quincy by 27-29. In the New England meet at Providence, Quincy finished eleventh.

The boys who showed up well throughout the past season were Captain Roger Quilty, Gordon Rowe, Howard Hatch, and Co-Captains-Elect Dave Simpson and Alex Sibbald.

Boys' Sports

WRESTLING

Wrestling should reach a new high in sports this winter as Coach Leland Anderson is ready to introduce his '37-'38 product. Coming back this year for grappling are seven veterans, Bernie Paolucci, Archie Brown, Buster Milchunes, Irving Liss, Tony Mollica, Wally Griffin and Ray Di Bona. Many other aspirants are expected.

Paolucci is expected to go out for the 118 pound division as is Archie Brown. Both boys were regulars last year, Paolucci in the 118's and Brown in the 110's. Buster Milchunes will probably move from the 118 class to the 126 and is expected to do a favorable job. Irving Liss will hold down the 165 pound class, provided he can make the weight. Liss, a big boy, has put on pounds since last year. Tony Mollica, fresh from football, will be out to get Dick Fee's vacated 145 pound spot, while Wally Griffin will compete with Tony for the place. Ray Di Bona will step out of the 126 class to 135 pounds.

The team should be one of the best in the state. Irving Milchunes, a three year veteran, has been elected captain for this season. Milchunes was state champion in the 100 pound class in his sophomore year.

BASKETBALL

Joseph Caulfield, '40

Having shaped up the basketball situation for a few weeks, Coach Munroe MacLean issued a call for his first Quincy High School hoop aspirants in the closing days of November. With a few veterans returning, Coach MacLean has something to start with. A few of those veterans are Johnny Joyce, Ralph Graham, Frank Giachetti, Fred DeSantis, Cecil Kilrain, Henry Barsella, Bob Dobbyn, Vernon Levinson, Francis Ranieri, and Ed Leahy. A blow was rendered to the team's hopes when it was revealed that last year's captain, Bob Comporato, was ineligible because of the age limit.

Last season's sophomore players, with such worthies as George Page, Art Mackie, George Johnson, Ed Kusser, Vernie Johnson, Al Mountain, Archie DiTullio and Nick Pepe are expected to give the veterans a merry battle for all positions on the team.

There are also members of last year's junior high school teams who are not to be disregarded. Among the most promising are Jackie Pettinelli, All Star forward, and Russ Patten, center, from Point; from South come All Star forward Babe Sansatini, Gino Petitti, Shine Buckley, and Sonny Nicholson, guards; Dick Hansen and Ken Morton represent Central.

Girls' Sports

ARCHERY



★ *Though* the use of bow and arrow dates back over two thousand years, the Indians were best-known of those people who used them. Nowadays, archery has become a popular modern sport for developing poise, grace and strength. From the first day of its introduction in our school, archery proved of great interest to the girls in Quincy High, and over one hundred have attended practice. Their splendid co-operation with Miss Baker and her student assistants, Marjorie Goodwin, Pat Estes, Betty Carter and Betty Wylie, have proven that they are grateful to the School Committee for this new sport.

PING PONG

"A sissy's sport," calls someone, but that someone is mistaken. Though ping-pong has not the physical requirements of many sports, it has others, such as steadiness of hand and swiftness of thought, which are much harder to acquire.

Of the many proficient girls who play, M. Burns, B. Merrill, M. Erickson, F. Kramer, E. Robinson, C. Salverio, E. Mandelli, K. Caron, D. Sawyer, F. Surette, E. Nimmo and M. Goodwin have shown the most exceptional talent. These girls have already started on their second round of wins and promise to continue their good, steady, fast style of sport.

CHEER-LEADING

★ *Why did* Quincy High have a very successful football season? More boys reported to practice, Coach Downes and the team have worked hard, and last, but not least, the cheering and enthusiasm of the fans have increased one hundred per cent.

Our cheerleaders, John Bates, Tom DeCaro, Ken Jenkins, Al Shannon, Margery Moran, Pearl Raiche and Lucille Rigo and substitutes, John Laukkanen, Charlie Winslow, Dorothea Norton and Lena DeCesare, who were under the capable leadership of Misses Palmer and Jenkins, have done exceptionally fine work.

Not only have they officiated at games, but also have planned and carried off three rallies. The blue and white outfits, too, have brought favorable comments from all.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Cheerleaders!

What Is Your Greatest Worry?

Virginia Swanson, '38, and Clare Ward, '38

- | | |
|--|--|
| Cecil Kilrain
Traffic; the girls pick on me. | Jo Ward
My stomach; it's always empty. |
| Miss Barry
Falling down stairs. | Miss McGraw
Ringing the Coddington bells. |
| Dick Sager
Where my next nickel is coming from. | Ray DiBona
Girls; will I ever understand them? |
| Mr. McKeown
Getting my lunch. | Ruth Sturrock
Preventing runs in my silk stockings. |
| Buddy Spargo
Keeping on the first football team
—and—B-B-B-Brockton. | Mr. Downes
Brockton. |
| John Tropea
Dancing. How can I ask a girl to dance when I can't lead? | Mr. Anderson
Whether or not my child has got the chicken-pox. |
| Mr. O'Brien
Trying to keep thin. | Jack Kilrain
My right eye. |
| Ralph Graham
Getting bald. I've got dandruff. | Mr. Deane
Students; I wish they could tell their right hand from their left hand, and be able to follow traffic instructions. |
| Miss Marr
Golden Rod. | Sonny Cedrone
Money. |
| Billy Ferguson
Going over to Coddington; brrr—it's cold! | Edward Broderick
Eleanor. |
| Mr. Wilson
Never worry; if you don't believe me, ask my wife. | Monty Marchant
My sleep; I go to bed every night at 8:30. |
| Mr. Collins
Getting through cafeteria period every day. | Lena DeCesare
Keeping my latest boy friend. |
| Mr. Lee
I don't worry for the <i>Golden Rod</i> ; I worry for I! | Dot Norton
My report card. |
| Al Shannon
Planning the North-Quincy rally. | Pearl Raiche
John Murray. |
| June MacLeod
Keeping my nose from getting red. | John Bates
Making the next period. |

As We See It

ONLY A TRAFFIC OFFICER—BUT—

Who said his traffic position was dull?
Mine gives me much over which to mull,
Like latest loves and football scores,
Lines, and what's to be seen in stores.

And sometimes a latest song or two,
Or just why he and she are through.
I learn Robert Taylor is simply divine,
And the circle's not tangent to the line.

An opinion is offered that "she's a mess,"
While the latest dirt "you'd never guess!"
And "the history test was simply terrible!"
"My dear, her gown just isn't wearable!"

That loving pair I cannot hear,
But I won't bother to lend an ear,
For the tender words are just the same
As those he says to every dame.

Thus with three minutes of standing there,
I feel quite qualified to bear
The banners of Winchell and a host
Like Pythagorus, Dix and Emily Post.

Diana Taplin, '38



THREE GUESSES

There's always a pooch in the corridors,
There's always a howling din,
There's always a line in the library,
When the crowd starts filing in.

There's always a jam in the lunchroom,
When we stand for hours in line,
Itching to grab a sandwich,
Or trying to change a dime.

There's always a dash for the tables,
To save ten places for eight,
And twenty minutes to hash over
Somebody's latest date.

There's always a classroom boner,
And a wise-cracking classroom wit,
And a teacher to hold the class over
While everyone's throwing a fit.

There's always a crowd at the pony,
When the 2:30 bell's gone by.
Now do you know what I'm talking about?
Dear old Quincy High!

Helen Johnson, '38



Five Years From Graduation

Will you be well established in a good job?

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